SLAVE LABOR
GRAPHICS
SQUEE!
#3
$2.95 US
$3.95 CAN

VILLAINS

Bad guys, archvillains, bullies, antagonists. I'll come out and say it.....They're a shitty lot. And they're there for the entire run of your own personal movie called your life. You get your first real taste of them in school, and it's awful because you simply can't understand what motivates these things to be so horrible to you for no reason. And, with time, reasons become more apparent, but remain, somehow, equally mystifying for their stupidity. But, at the same time, these villains in your story are, ultimately, as essential part of this complete breakfast of existence as they form the context of what defines your own character and part in the story. If I had a bagel for every time I was treated like crud growing up...HELL for every time I'm treated as such even NOW, I wouldn't necessarily be a happy person, as I am so little, and could not possibly eat all those bagels, but I would certainly have a LOT of bagels. But it's crucial, how you respond to it all, the names, the abuse, the ignorance. I've seen people get crushed into losing their self respect, and self esteem from the pressure of what others did to them in the name of ignorance. On the flipside, and perhaps even worse, are the people who grow outright nasty in their outlook of a world they believe is simply waiting to dump on them first, so they do what they can to get the first strike in, basically becoming what they hated in the first place. And really, despite what might be considered a COOOOOL aggressive nature will tell you, it's all just perpetuation of the same human sewage. It thrives on that cycle of abuse.

For all his squeaky trauma, I think little Squee has the right idea:

Why would I want anyone to feel like I hate feeling?

ENTER MY SPOOKY DOOMPIT!!!

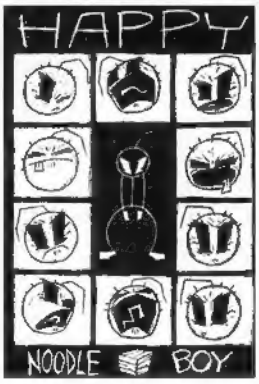
STUFF YOU CAN LIVE WITHOUT BUT SHOULD KILL TO HAVE!!!

Front

Back

This is the Johnny shirt that all your ugly friends are wearing. White on black shirt, two sided. $15.95

Front



Back

This Happy Noodle Boy shirt makes people sick. White on black shirt, two sided. $15.95

TO ORDER: Send check or money order to Slave Labor Graphics, 979 S. Bascom Ave., San Jose, CA 95128. Please include $2.50 for the first shirt and $1.00 for each additional shirt for postage and handling. Or, order with a credit card by calling the toll free # below.

TRAUMA

This series is coming to the end of it's glorious 12 year run, as the fourth issue will be the last. But all the sad doomtalk will be saved for that magical issue, so as not to break your little hearts until the proper time. I really want to thank the beautiful, and mentally unhinged DANETTE St. ONGE for contributing to this issue (She actually, so many years ago, was the unwitting reason Happy Noodle Boy was created). She was my little romantical friend in highschool and always asked me for comics, but I couldn't draw as fast as she requested. Thus, I tried to create the worst abomination of a comic that I could, so as to make her not want comics anymore. That abomination, my friends, was HAPPY NOODLE BOY! I'm very happy she agreed to do the page for me. Next issue will have a guest page done by another, equally amazing, yet far less attractive as a girl, artist friend, ROMAN DIRGE, whose heartwarming comic book, LENORE, about a cute little DEAD GIRL is being put out by Slave Labor in February, the same time SQUEE!#4 should be out. You must all run out and find this book, or I won't play with you. During the production of SQUEE!#3, I came to the realization that I could never be a career cartoonist! It is true, I am far too impatient with the process of regularly having to draw something, when, in my head, I see it all happening so quickly. I think in terms of motion and sound, for the most part, so I actually feel more of a thrill when I'm acting out parts of my comics to friends while working out the ideas! That's why I've always been such a freak about movies. But look at me, going on about myself. How are YOU doing? That's nice. I should get back to work (which I do on the rare occasion that I stop playing Final Fantasy 7). sigh....

SQUEE!#3 November 1997 • Published by them kindly folks wit' no teeths at Slave Labor Graphics 979 S. Bascom Ave. San Jose, CA 95128. SQUEE! and all of it's related spiritual teachings are tm and © your one true god of perpetual sarcasm and smelly baby circus elephants JHONEN "fork-using" VASQUEZ. My skin is so dry I can write my name in it. Please, idiots, do not use any of the material in this book without the consent of Slave Labor Graphics and Jhonen Vasquez. You have no idea how many unthinking fools we've had to torture in Slave Labor's "fun room". I'm getting really sick of the screams, and just generally sick to my stomach. Ever try to contemplate nonexistence? Well, your stupid to try, as contemplation has no place in nonexistence. Polyp. Printed in Canada

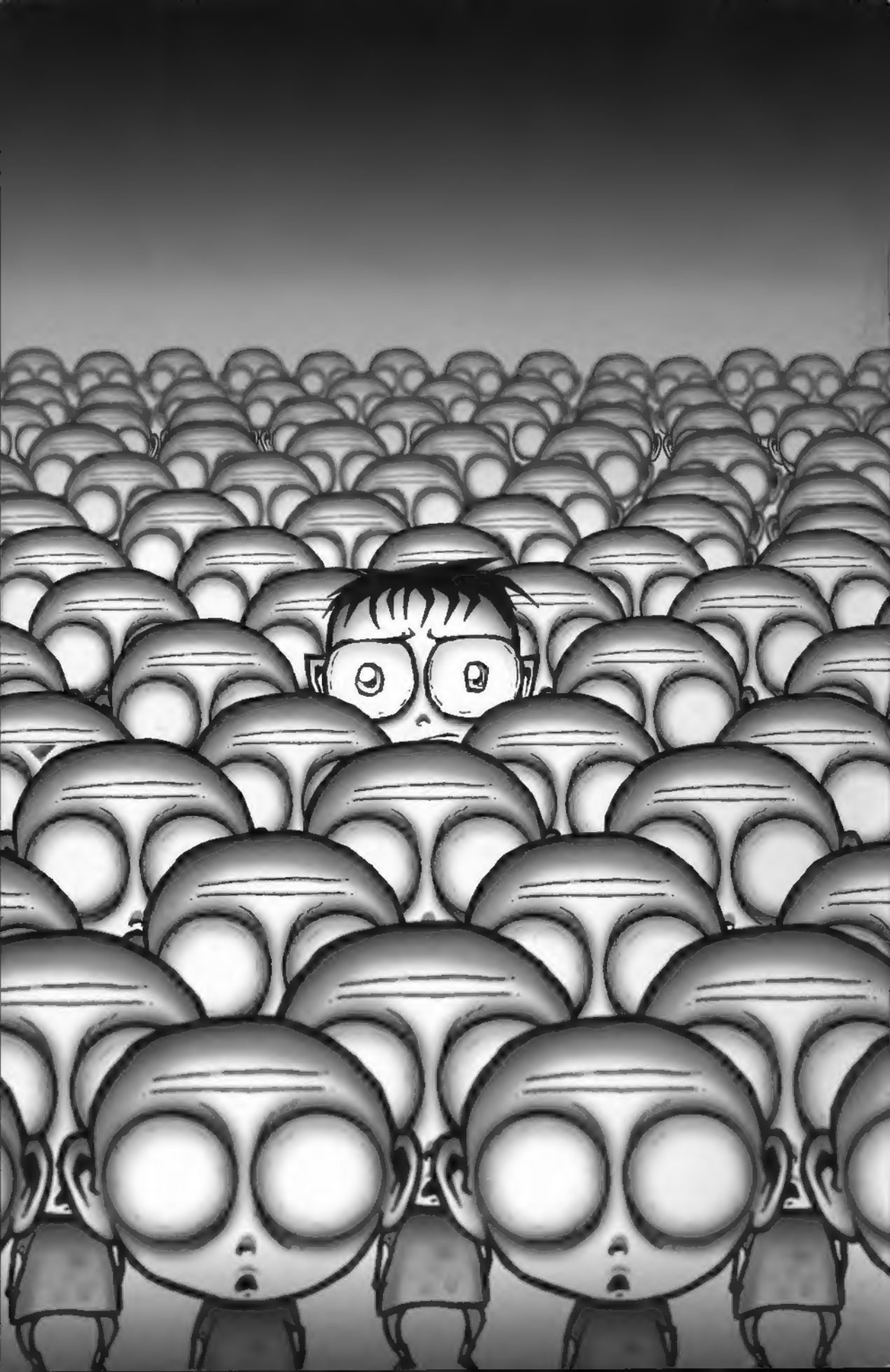
YOU WILL ALL BURN IN HELL

There is a reason this ad and phone# are here, and yet far too many of you still write to ask how you can find Slave Labor comics, TOO MANY, so you hear me?! For this unforgivable act upon your part, you will rot and burn, and then you'll rot some more. Salvation from this damnation is yours simply by doing this one thing: CALL THE STINKING PHONE NUMBER if you want to order our rubbish.

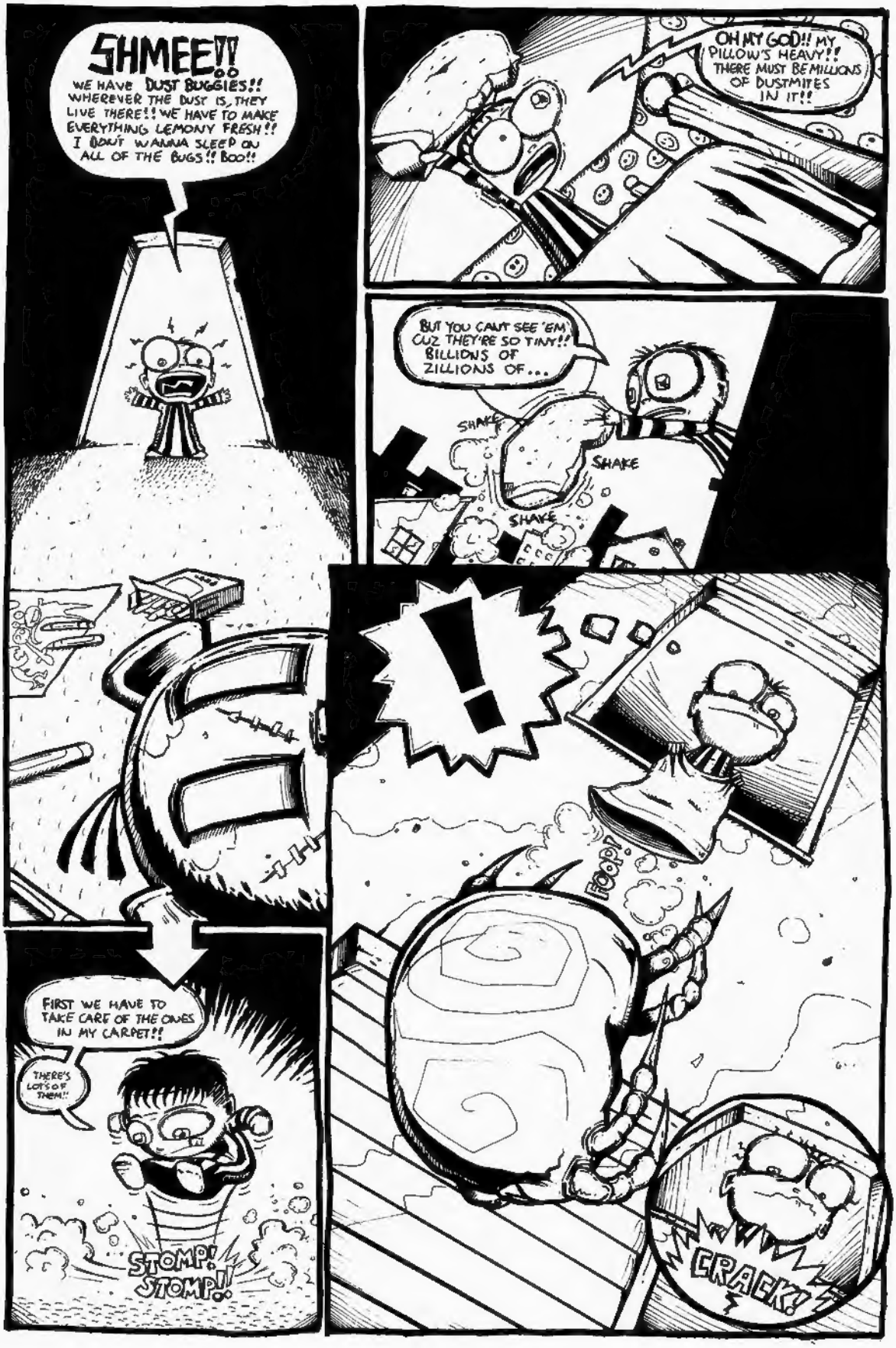
You sicken me.

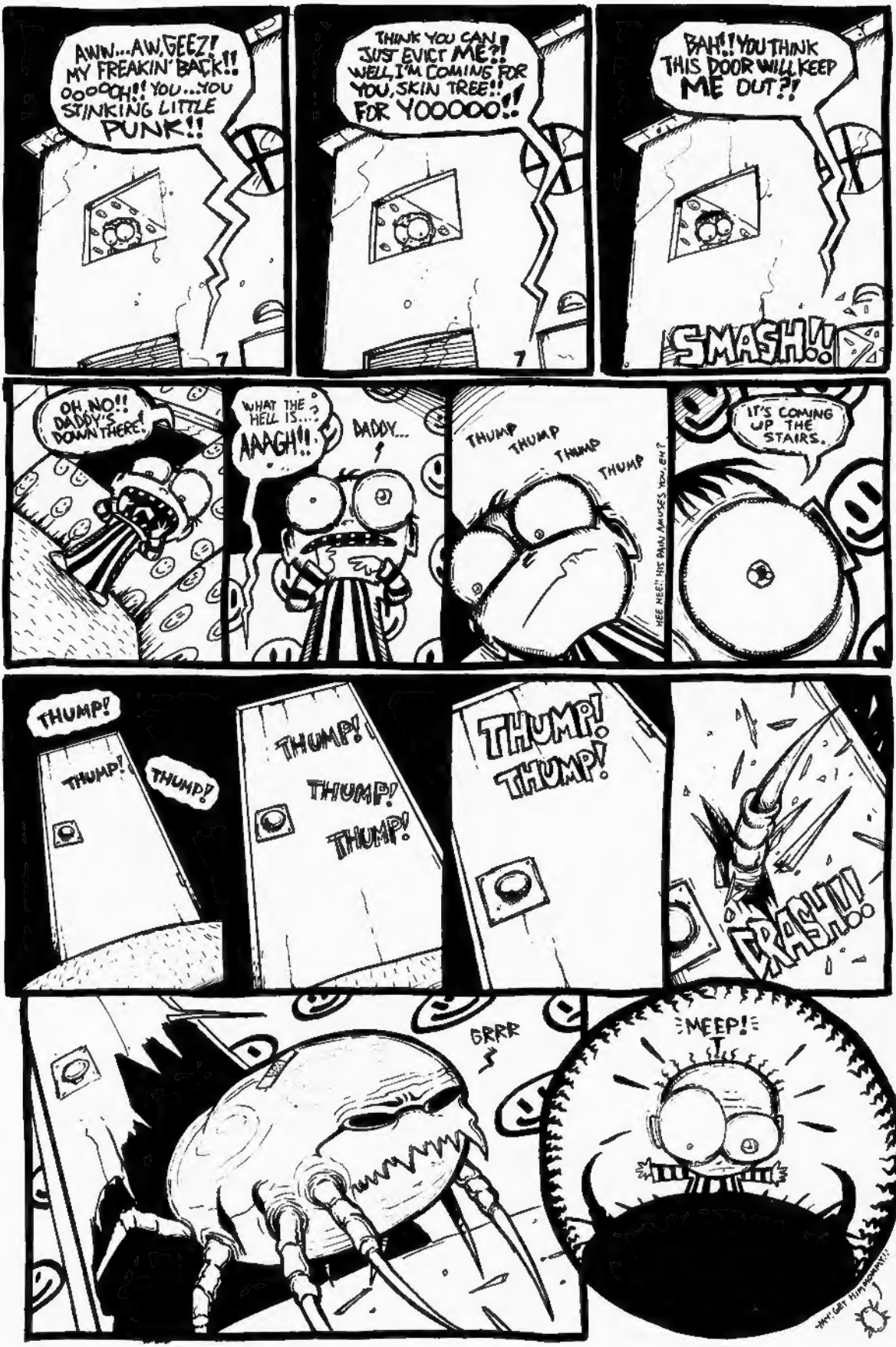
1-800-866-8929

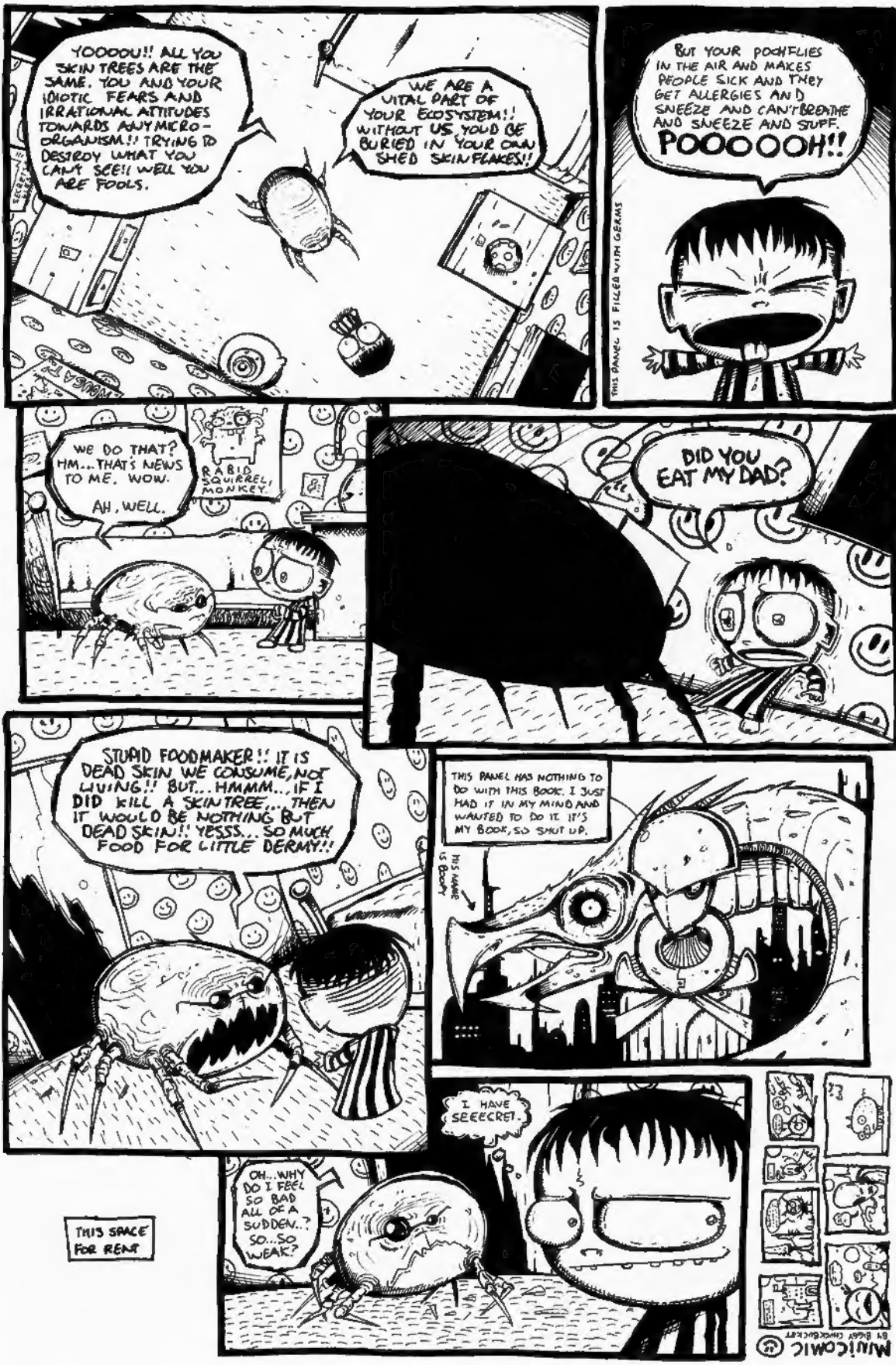
TOLL FREE (for we filthy American pigs)

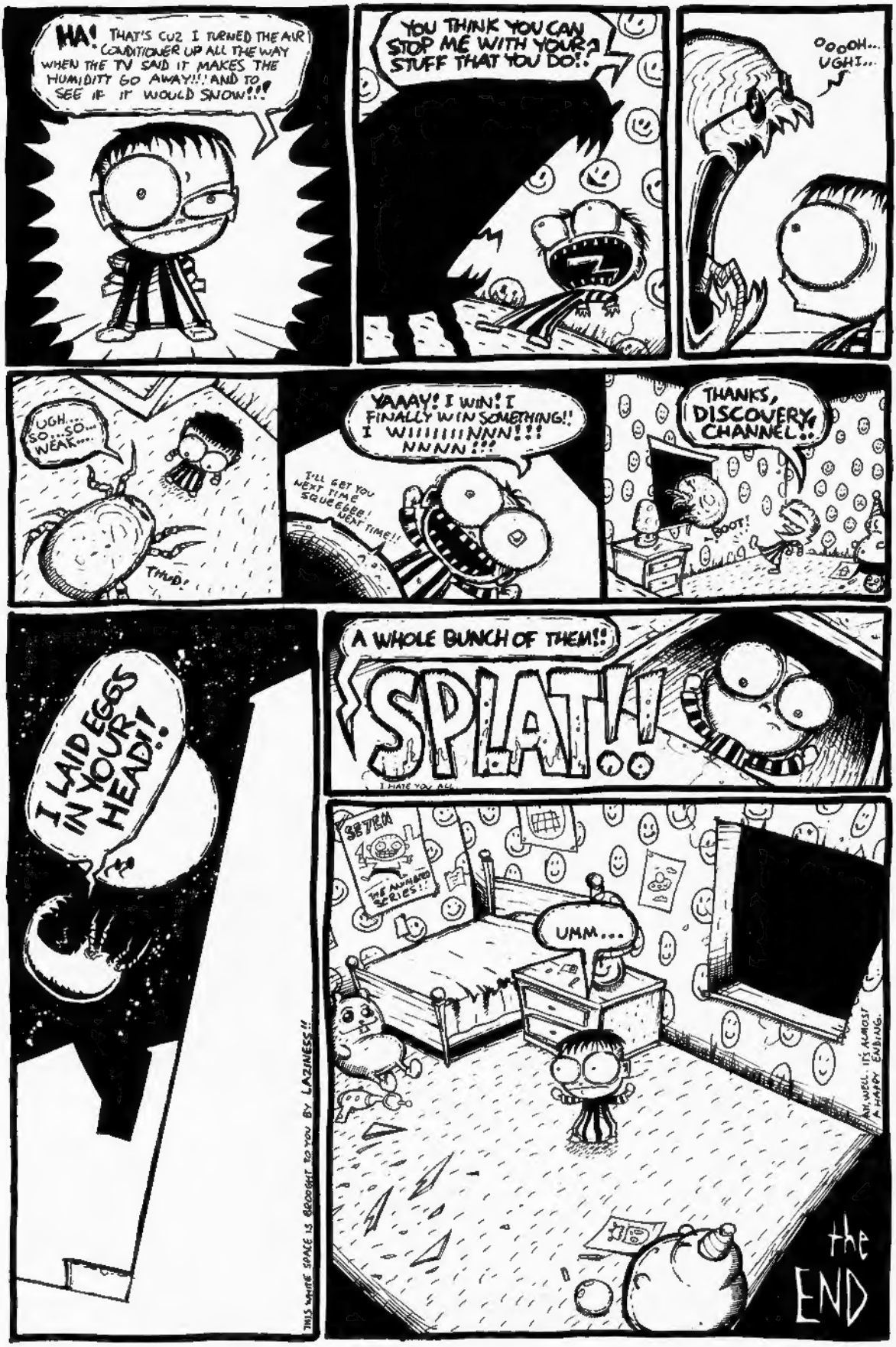


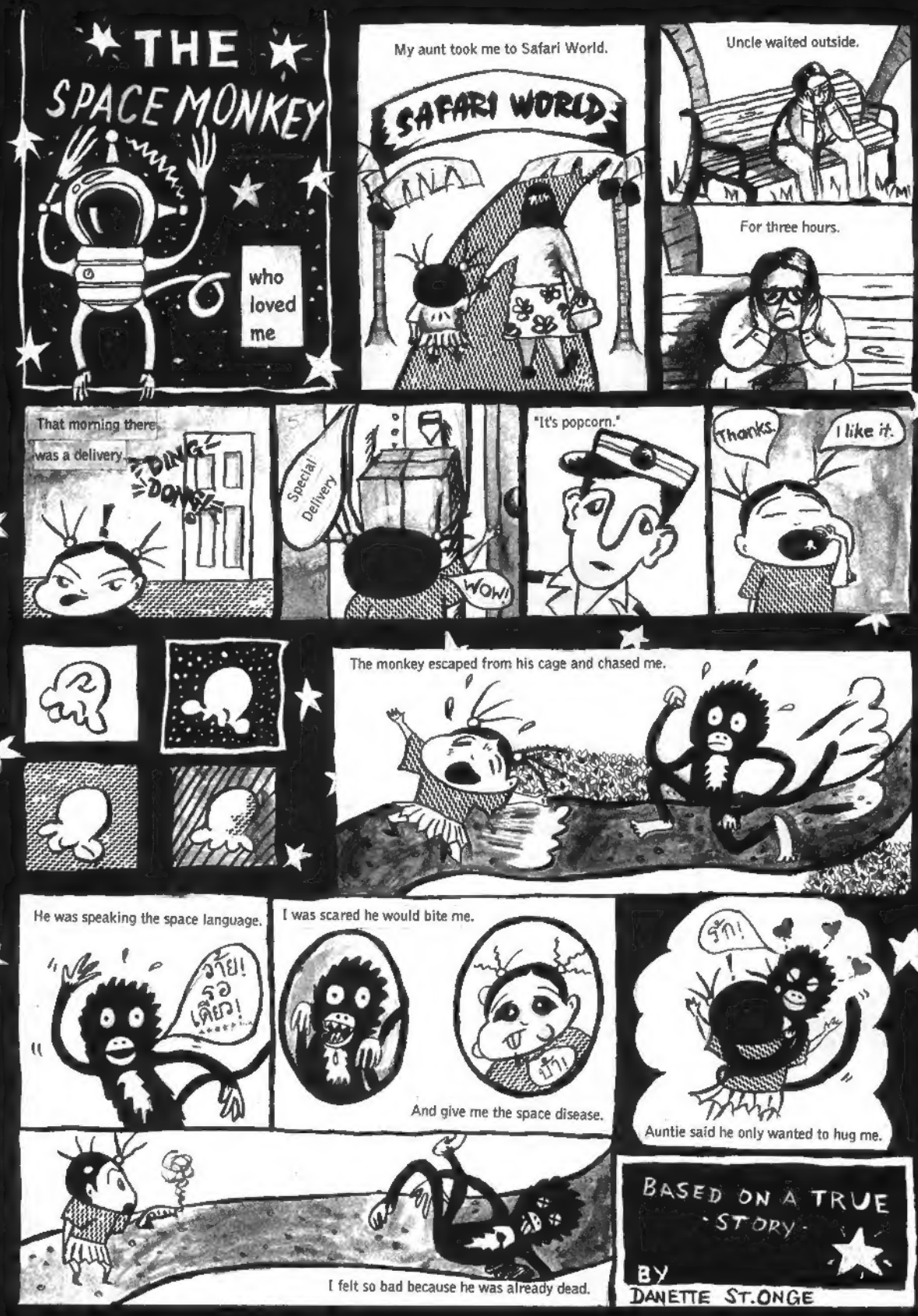
JUST BEFORE BEDTIME
DADDEEEEE!!!
WATCHING VIDEO OF SQUEE'S BIRTH PLAYED BACKWARDS.
DADDY! I SAW A SCARY SHOW ON THE DISCOVERY CHANNEL TODAY!! IT WAS ALL ABOUT... ABOUT...
DUST MITES!
THEY FEED ON HUMAN SKIN FLAKES AND LIVE IN CARPETS AND PILLOWS AND BLANKETS AND THEY DON'T HAVE EYES!! THEY DON'T DRINK SO THEY ABSORB HUMIDITY" WE GOT TO STOP BEING HUMID!!! THEY'RE LIKE LITTLE SPIDERS. INVISIBLE SPIDERS!!
MAKING BUG-STYLE WIGGLY
THE SHOW SAID THAT A LOT OF THE WIEGHT OF A PILLOW IS MADE UP OF DUST AND... AND... DUSTMITES! CRAWLING WITH LITTLE TINY DUSTMITES!!! EVERYWHERE, DADDY! EVERYWHERE BUGGY-BUGGY-BUGGIES!
SAME HERE
NOT NOW, TODD. GO IRRITATE THE HELL OUT OF YOUR MOTHER.
I DID, BUT SHE ONLY TOLD ME TO TAKE SOME PILLS, DADDY, I'M AFRAID OF ALL THE DUSTMITES. THEY'RE ALL... ALL... DUSTY!!
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE... BUGGIES... EVERYWHERE...
EEK!

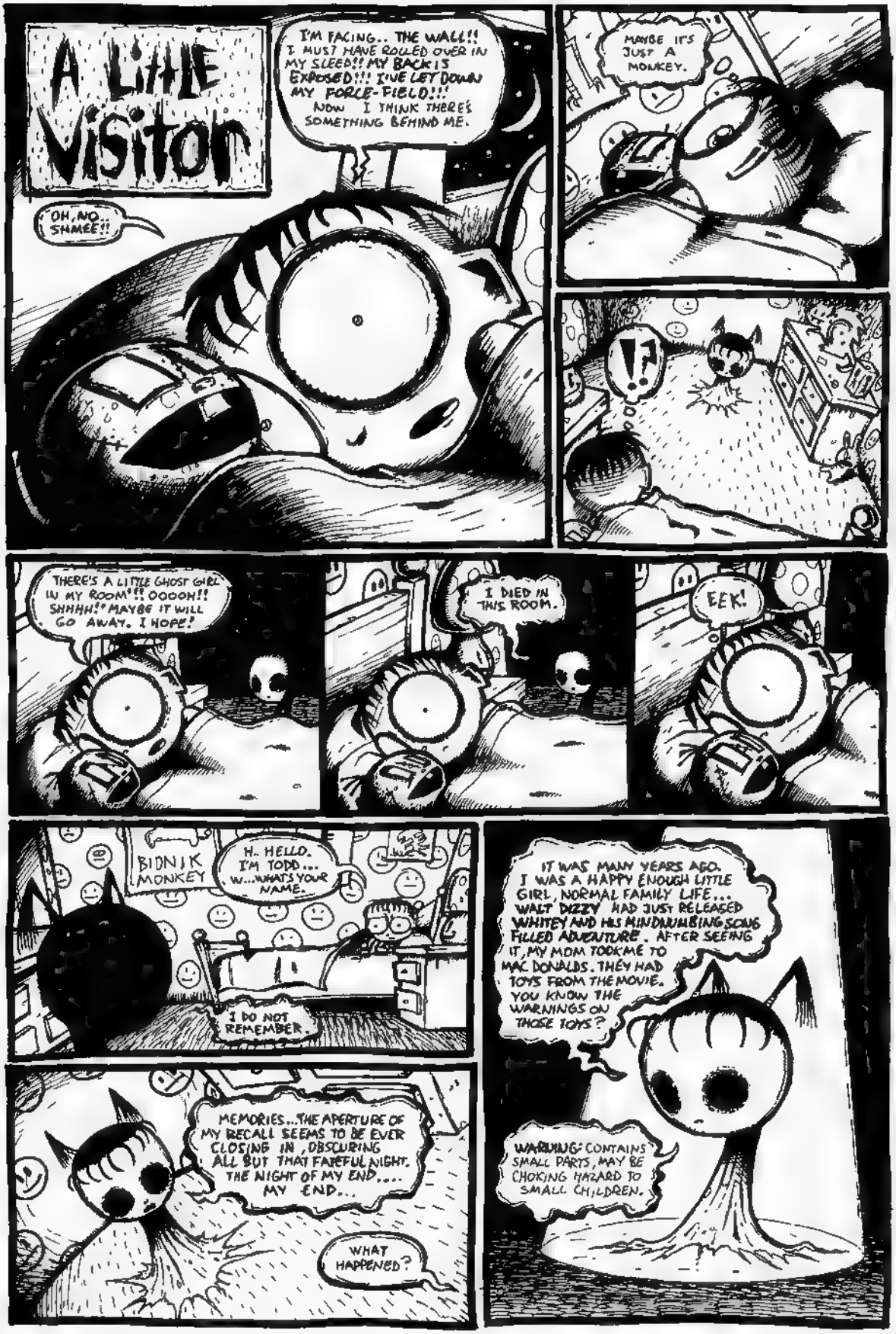

SHMEE!!
WE HAVE DUST BUGGIES!! WHEREVER THE DUST IS, THEY LIVE THERE!! WE HAVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING LEMONY FRESH!! I DON'T WANNA SLEEP ON ALL OF THE BUGS!! BOO!!
OH MY GOD!! MY PILLOW'S HEAVY!! THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF DUSTMITES IN IT!!
BUT YOU CAN'T SEE 'EM CUZ THEY'RE SO TINY!! BILLIONS OF ZILLIONS OF...
SHAKE
SHAKE
SHAKE
!
FOOP!
CRACK!
FIRST WE HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF THE ONES IN MY CARPET!!
THERE'S LOT'S O' THEM!!
STOMP! STOMP!!

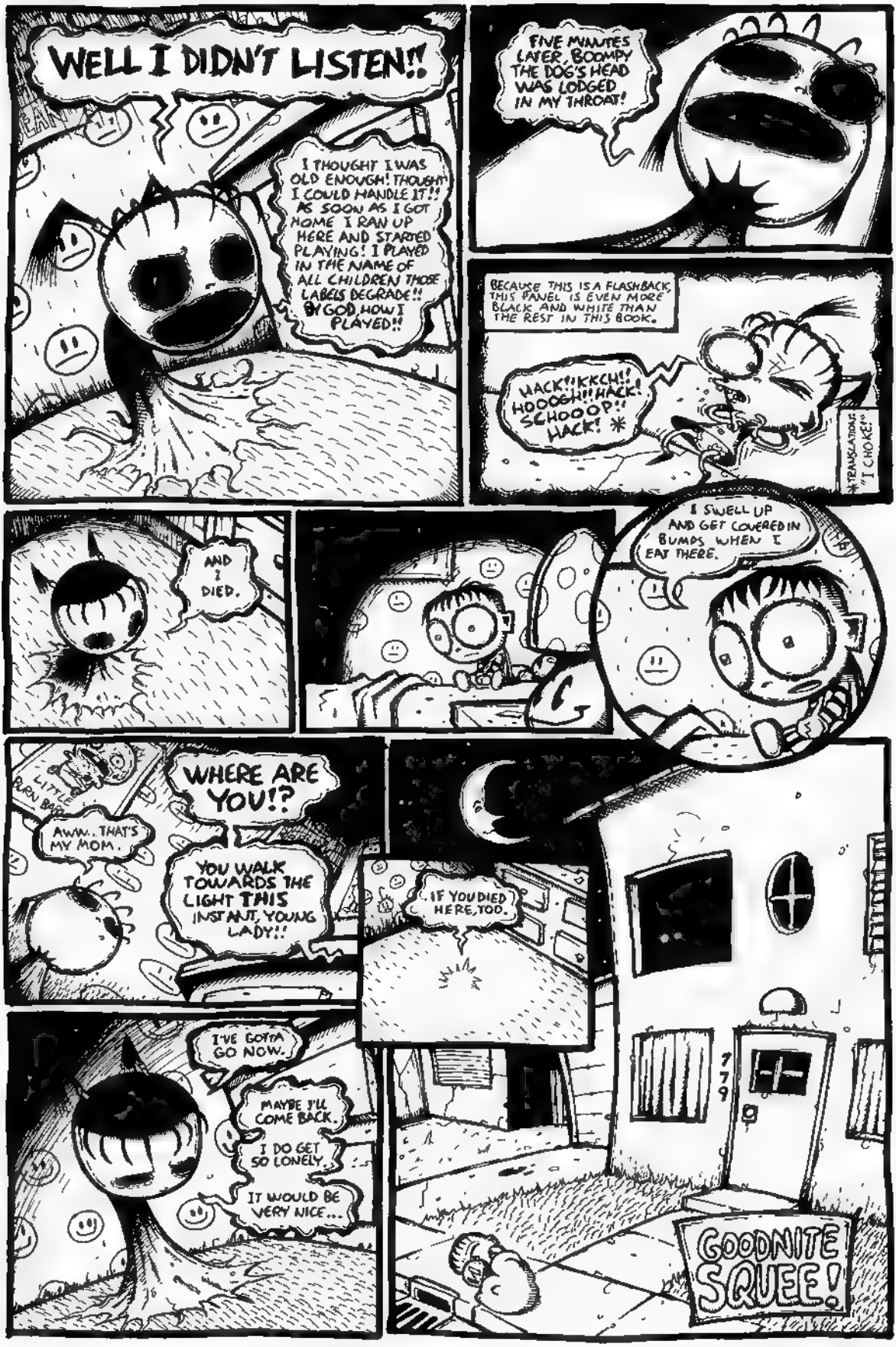

AWW...AW, GEEZ! MY FREAKIN' BACK!! OOOOOH!! YOU...YOU STINKING LITTLE PUNK!!
THINK YOU CAN JUST EVICT ME?! WELL I'M COMING FOR YOU, SKIN TREE!! FOR YOOOOO!!
BAH!! YOU THINK THIS DOOR WILL KEEP ME OUT?!
SMASH!!
OH, NO!! DADDY'S DOWN THERE!
WHAT THE HELL IS...? AAAGH!!
DADDY...?
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
HEE HEE!! HIS PAIN AMUSES YOU, EH?
IT'S COMING UP THE STAIRS.
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP!
CRASH!!
GRRR
EEEP!
YAY! GET HIM MOMMY!!!

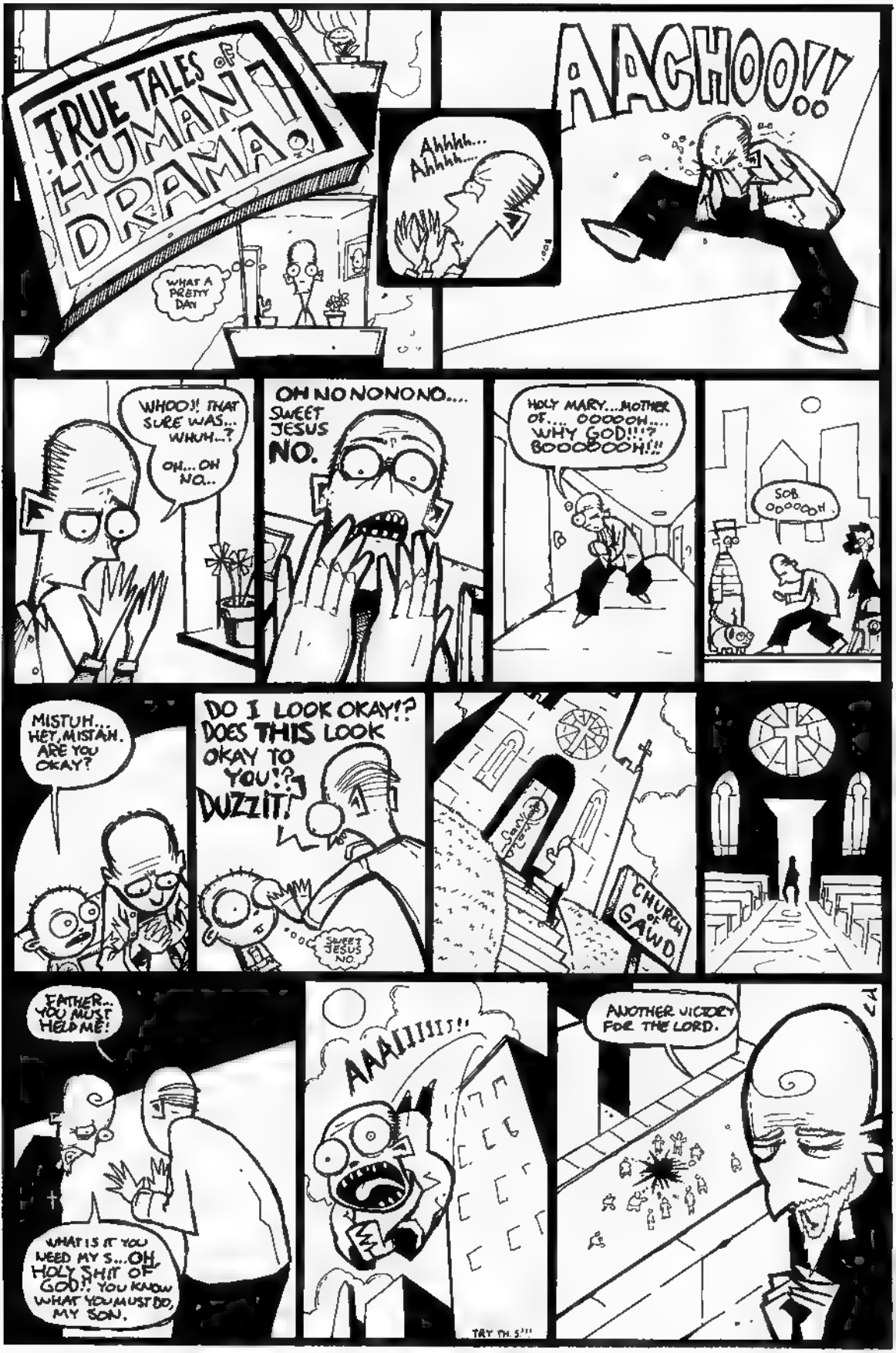

YOOOOU!! ALL YOU SKIN TREES ARE THE SAME. YOU AND YOUR IDIOTIC FEARS AND IRRATIONAL ATTITUDES TOWARDS ANY MICRO-ORGANISM!! TRYING TO DESTROY WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE!! WELL YOU ARE FOOLS.
WE ARE A VITAL PART OF YOUR ECOSYSTEM!! WITHOUT US, YOU'D BE BURIED IN YOUR OWN SHED SKIN FLAKES!!
BUT YOUR POOHFLIES IN THE AIR AND MAKES PEOPLE SICK AND THEY GET ALLERGIES AND SNEEZE AND CAN'T BREATHE AND SNEEZE AND STUFF. POOOOOH!!
THIS PANEL IS FILLED WITH GERMS
WE DO THAT? HM... THAT'S NEWS TO ME. WOW.
AH, WELL.
RABID SQUIRREL MONKEY
DID YOU EAT MY DAD?
STUPID FOODMAKER!! IT IS DEAD SKIN WE CONSUME, NOT LIVING!! BUT... HMMM... IF I DID KILL A SKIN TREE... THEN IT WOULD BE NOTHING BUT DEAD SKIN!! YESSS.. SO MUCH FOOD FOR LITTLE DERMY!!
THIS PANEL HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS BOOK. I JUST HAD IT IN MY MIND AND WANTED TO DO IT. IT'S MY BOOK, SO SHUT UP.
SHHHH
I HAVE SEEECRET.
OH... WHY DO I FEEL SO BAD ALL OF A SUDDEN..? SO... SO WEAK?
THIS SPACE FOR RENT
MINICOMIC
BY BRADY CHADBOURNE

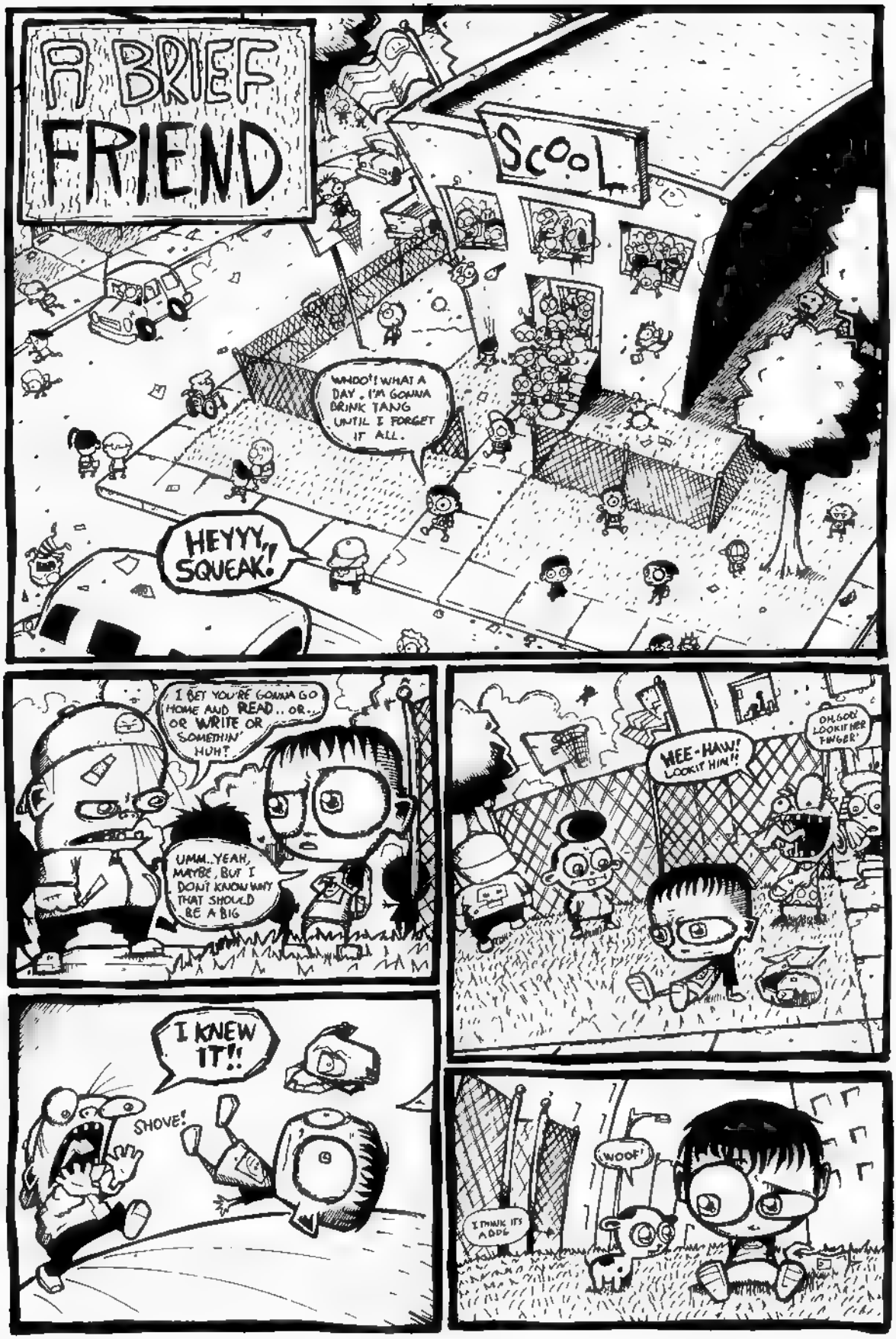

HA! THAT'S CUZ I TURNED THE AIR CONDITIONER UP ALL THE WAY WHEN THE TV SAID IT MAKES THE HUMIDITY GO AWAY!!! AND TO SEE IF IT WOULD SNOW!!!
YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME WITH YOUR STUFF THAT YOU DO!?
OOOOH... UGH!...
UGH... SO...SO... WEAK...
THUD!
YAAAY! I WIN! I FINALLY WIN SOMETHING!! I WIIIIIINNN!!! NNNN!!!
I'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME SQUEEEEE! NEXT TIME!!
THANKS, DISCOVERY CHANNEL!!
BOOT!
I LAID EGGS IN YOUR HEAD!
A WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM!!
SPLAT!!
I HATE YOU ALL
SETH'S
THE MUMMIED SERIES!
UMM...
AH, WELL. IT'S ALMOST A HAPPY ENDING.
THE END
THIS WHITE SPACE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY LAZINESS!!


THE SPACE MONKEY
who loved me
My aunt took me to Safari World.
SAFARI WORLD
Uncle waited outside.
For three hours.
That morning there was a delivery.
DING-DONG!
Special Delivery
WOW!
"It's popcorn."
Thanks.
I like it.
The monkey escaped from his cage and chased me.
He was speaking the space language.
I was scared he would bite me.
And give me the space disease.
รัก!
Auntie said he only wanted to hug me.
I felt so bad because he was already dead.
BASED ON A TRUE STORY
BY
DANETTE ST.ONGE

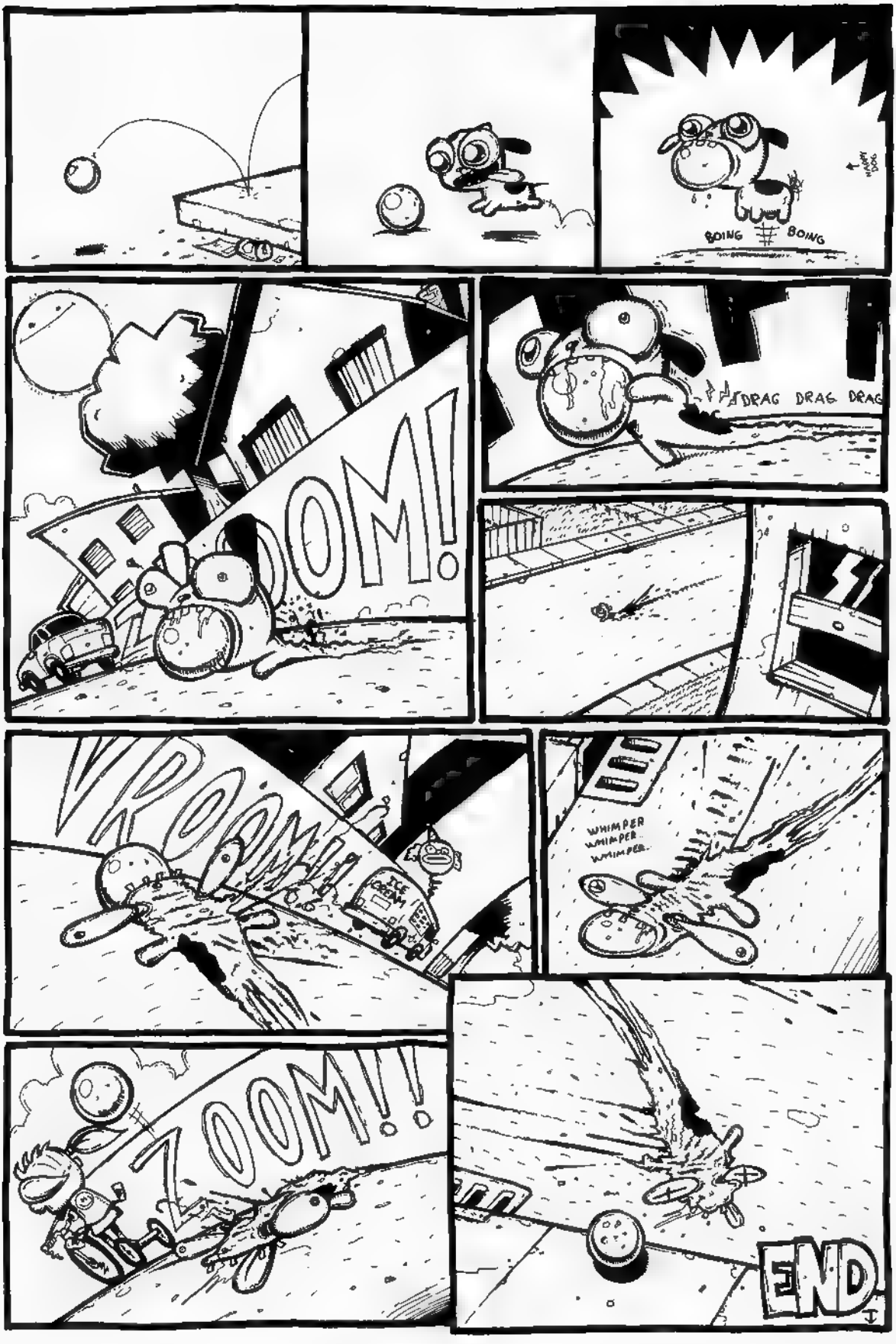

A LITTLE VISITOR
I'M FACING.. THE WALL!! I MUST HAVE ROLLED OVER IN MY SLEEP!! MY BACK IS EXPOSED!!! I'VE LET DOWN MY FORCE-FIELD!!! NOW I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND ME.
OH, NO.. SHMEE!!
MAYBE IT'S JUST A MONKEY.
!?
THERE'S A LITTLE GHOST GIRL IN MY ROOM'!! OOOOH!! SHHHH!' MAYBE IT WILL GO AWAY. I HOPE!
I DIED IN THIS ROOM.
EEK!
BIDNJK MONKEY
H.. HELLO. I'M TODD... W...WHAT'S YOUR NAME.
I DO NOT REMEMBER.
MEMORIES...THE APERTURE OF MY RECALL SEEMS TO BE EVER CLOSING IN, OBSCURING ALL BUT THAT FATEFUL NIGHT. THE NIGHT OF MY END.... MY END...
WHAT HAPPENED?
IT WAS MANY YEARS AGO. I WAS A HAPPY ENOUGH LITTLE GIRL, NORMAL FAMILY LIFE... WALT DIZZY HAD JUST RELEASED WHITEY AND HIS MIND NUMBING SONG FILLED ADVENTURE. AFTER SEEING IT, MY MOM TOOK ME TO MAC DONALDS. THEY HAD TOYS FROM THE MOVIE. YOU KNOW THE WARNINGS ON THOSE TOYS?
WARNING: CONTAINS SMALL PARTS, MAY BE CHOKING HAZARD TO SMALL CHILDREN.

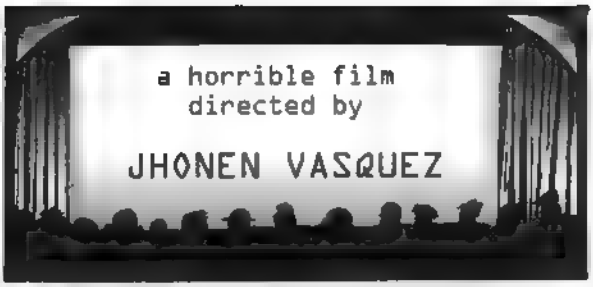

WELL I DIDN'T LISTEN!!
I THOUGHT I WAS OLD ENOUGH! THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE IT!! AS SOON AS I GOT HOME I RAN UP HERE AND STARTED PLAYING! I PLAYED IN THE NAME OF ALL CHILDREN THOSE LABELS DEGRADE!! BY GOD, HOW I PLAYED!!
FIVE MINUTES LATER, BOOMPY THE DOG'S HEAD WAS LODGED IN MY THROAT!
BECAUSE THIS IS A FLASHBACK, THIS PANEL IS EVEN MORE BLACK AND WHITE THAN THE REST IN THIS BOOK.
HACK!! KKCH!! HOOOGH!! HACK! SCHOOOP!! HACK! *
*TRANSLATION: "I CHOKE!"
AND I DIED.
I SWELL UP AND GET COVERED IN BUMPS WHEN I EAT THERE.
LITTLE BURN BABY
WHERE ARE YOU!?
AWW.. THAT'S MY MOM.
YOU WALK TOWARDS THE LIGHT THIS INSTANT, YOUNG LADY!!
IF YOU DIED HERE, TOO.
779
I'VE GOTTA GO NOW.
MAYBE I'LL COME BACK.
I DO GET SO LONELY.
IT WOULD BE VERY NICE...
GOODNITE SQUEE!


TRUE TALES OF HUMAN DRAMA!
WHAT A PRETTY DAY
Ahhhh... Ahhhh...
AACHOO!!
WHOO!! THAT SURE WAS... WHUH...?
OH... OH NO..
OH NO NONONO.... SWEET JESUS NO.
HOLY MARY...MOTHER OF.... OOOOOH... WHY GOD!!!? BOOOOOOH!!!
SOB OOOOOH
MISTUH... HEY, MISTAH. ARE YOU OKAY?
DO I LOOK OKAY!? DOES THIS LOOK OKAY TO YOU!? DUZZIT!
SWEET JESUS NO.
CHURCH OF GAWD
FATHER.. YOU MUST HELP ME!
WHAT IS IT YOU NEED MY S...OH HOLY SHIT OF GOD!! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU MUST DO, MY SON.
AAAIIIIIJ!!
TAY TH S!!!
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE LORD.


A BRIEF FRIEND
SCOOL
WHOO! WHAT A DAY. I'M GONNA DRINK TANG UNTIL I FORGET IT ALL.
HEYYY,! SQUEAK!
I BET YOU'RE GONNA GO HOME AND READ.. OR... OR WRITE OR SOMETHIN' HUH?
UMM..YEAH, MAYBE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT SHOULD BE A BIG
MEE-HAW! LOOKIT HIM!!
OH,GOD! LOOKIT HER FINGER!
I KNEW IT!!
SHOVE!
WOOF!
I THINK IT'S ADDS

HELLO, DOG! YOU'RE A REAL CUTE LITTLE GUY, AREN'T YOU? YESSS YOU ARE!
WOOF!*
* THAT'S A DOGGY SOUND
HMMM.. YOU WANNA COME HOME WITH ME, IS THAT IT?
I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU HOME, BUT THAT'S PROBABLY NOT A GOOD IDEA. SEE, THINGS SEEM TO GO REALLY BAD AROUND ME, AND I'D HATE TO SEE SOMETHING LIKE THAT HAPPEN TO YOU. YOU'D PROBABLY EXPLODE OR SOMETHING
IT'S LIKE MY LIFE IS BEING DONE BY SOME AWFUL, AWFUL CARTOON GUY.
WOOOOF.
DOING A LITTLE SIG
I'M SORRY, BOY, BUT IT'S TRUE.
EVERYTHING SEEMS LIKE ONE BIG, STUPID, MEAN, BITTER CARTOONIST'S JOKE!! AND I DON'T THINK HE EVEN KNOWS HOW TO DRAW A DOG. I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU! YOU LOOK LIKE SOME SORT OF WIERD LAMB-BABY-DOG THING. LIKE HE MESSED UP, AND WAS TOO LAZY TO START OVER.
NO, YOU DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN MY WORLD.
RUN... WHILE YOU STILL CAN *
SCREECH IN A SPOOKY GARY COLEMAN VOICE
IT'S BETTER THIS WAY
SNIFF


BOING
BOING
DRAG DRAG DRAG
ZOOM!
VROOM!
ICE CREAM
WHIMPER
WHIMPER
WHIMPER
ZOOM!!
END



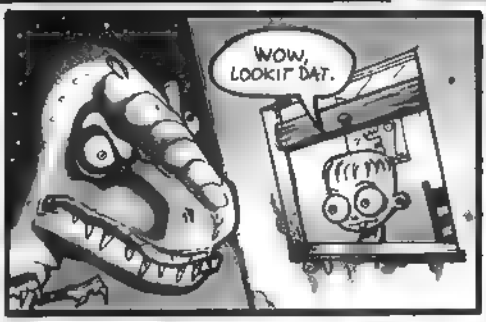
A while back, I saw a movie with these giant insects running around in the sewers, behaving pretty much like monsters do in Hollywood pictures. But one thing about the picture really got my attention- a part when these two little kids actually got ripped apart and eaten by a giant bug! I clapped and admired the filmmaker for not being a weenie. Now, I wasn't applauding the simple fact that the kids got eaten (amusing as it certainly was)- No, I was happy that the director did not shy away from what turned out to be a wonderfully effective use of the nastiness. Remember when Steven Spielberg used to use that effect in movies like JAWS? Now he seems to just throw kids in to catch a bigger audience, one that knows he won't be so awful as to have ANYTHING bad happen to them cute little children. Then...I began thinking of making a movie whose sole purpose is to test the tolerance of that moronic American audience. Something to make people get sick. Think of the power a filmmaker would wield if they could actually drive a person to illness!!

During the twenty minute credit sequence, the audience will be treated to a high pitched audio medley of screaming crack-babies and mating howler monkeys.

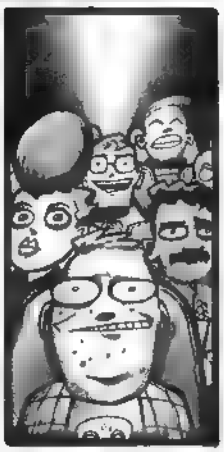
To calm their jangled nerves, the film begins with some typical Hollywood garbage. In the classic tradition, ethnicity means a deathmark, and a reason to motivate that noble white guy.

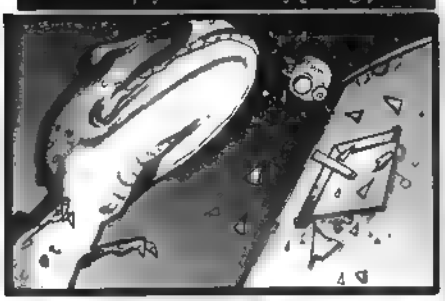
A female character is introduced, and , of course, the males in the audience will sit patiently through PLOT, to see if she gets naked.

Just when the audience begins to get comfortable, an actual story with depth begins, making them have to pay attention. They get angry.



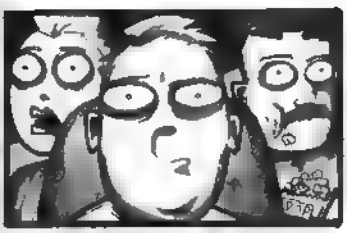
THEN...a scene begins with the arrival of a giant monster approaching a little kid. Special effects attract the eyes of the restless crowd. The audience smiles, wanting something awful to happen to the kid. Jokes are made, and giggling sets in.





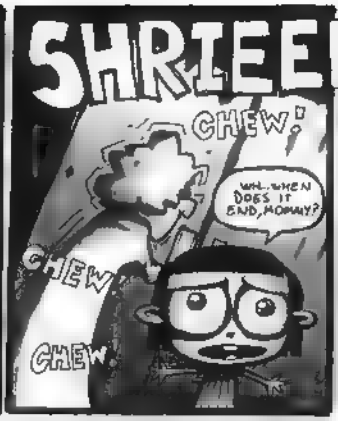
And the creature DOES do something awful! It snatches the kid into it's jaws. The audience howls with laughter, having had their ugly expectations fulfilled. The laughter continues for a bit, as the scene progresses.

Three minutes pass, and the child, still alive and screaming, is still being chewed on, lazily, like a gobstopper.

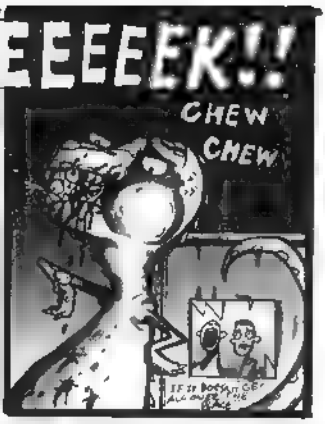


After four minutes of this, the audience begins feeling uncomfortable. Some still giggle, but nervously.

After 5 or 6 minutes of the constant screaming and chewing noises, people begin looking around the theatre, more than a little uncomfortable with the scene on screen. They wonder if there is anybody in the projection booth.



As people try to leave the theatre, they find locked doors. The soundtrack rises to a deafening level. chewing and screaming, and chewing



TEN minutes have passed, and the kid still ain't dead.
...And then...

We cut to a tranquil scene... hero, and the female character destined for nudity. You know a film is getting bad when you really start wishing for unnecessary nudity. The men in the audience forget the trauma of the screaming chew-kid, and drool. Of course, the women are not excluded, as our hero is a handsome one

Hot stuff, indeed. Upon arriving at our heroin's domicile, it is apparent that battle is not the only things our leads will do together. Though they have only known each other for less than a day, "clever" writing will find some way to make them fall madly in love with each other. At least enough to have sex

Groins sensing the impending exposure of "purdy stuff", goons in the audience murmur lecherously.

Then...an interruption in the onscreen foreplay. Our female lead becomes ill all over herself. Vomiting ensues for several minutes.

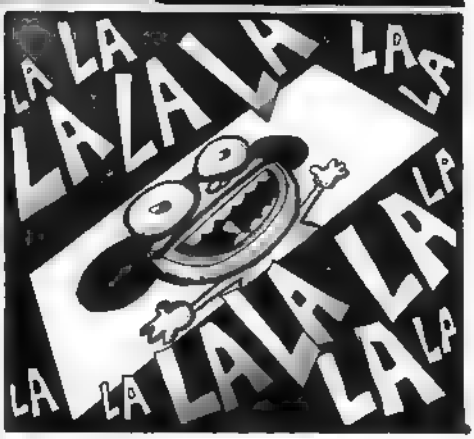
Once again uncertain as to what the hell is going on, it becomes apparent that this is no ordinary love scene.

The "LOVE" scene that ensues is the most grotesque perversion of obscenity most of the audience will ever see. The soundtrack for this scene is the overamplified sounds of someone stirring a large, saucy bowl of spaghetti and Mac'N'Cheese. Close-ups of veins are nice too.

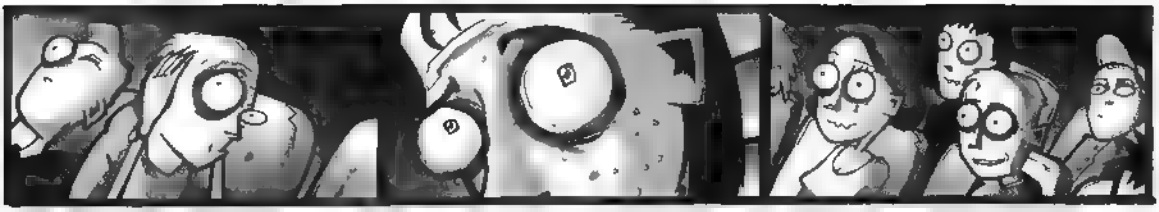
I'm not exactly sure what is going on here, but you can rest assured it's pretty fucking sick.

And we cut to a MUSICAL NUMBER!! After all the nightmare, a cute, happy song is in order. A cute, nightmarishly repetitive song.

Some of the children begin to come out of their fright induced comas, and dance. the parents tolerate the idiocy, glad the sex is over.



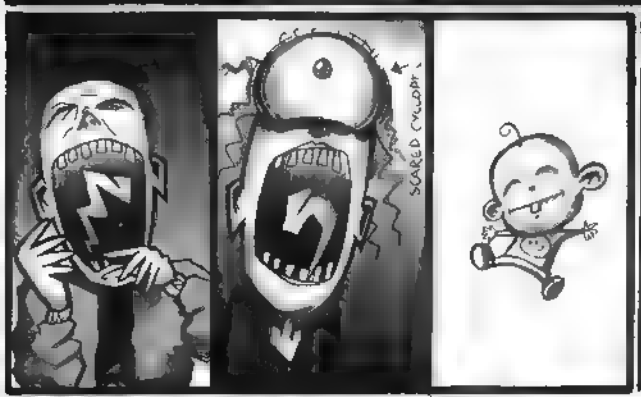
But soon, they see that nothing has changed as far as the intent of the movie is concerned. The volume escalates to a head exploding...um...volume, and then some heads actually begin to explode. I dunno..I am very tired. I want this strip to be over with. I need food.



Then SILENCE... beautiful, sanity restoring silence.

The people thank whatever god they pray to for the end of the nightmare of noise, of screaming, of hideous boobies.

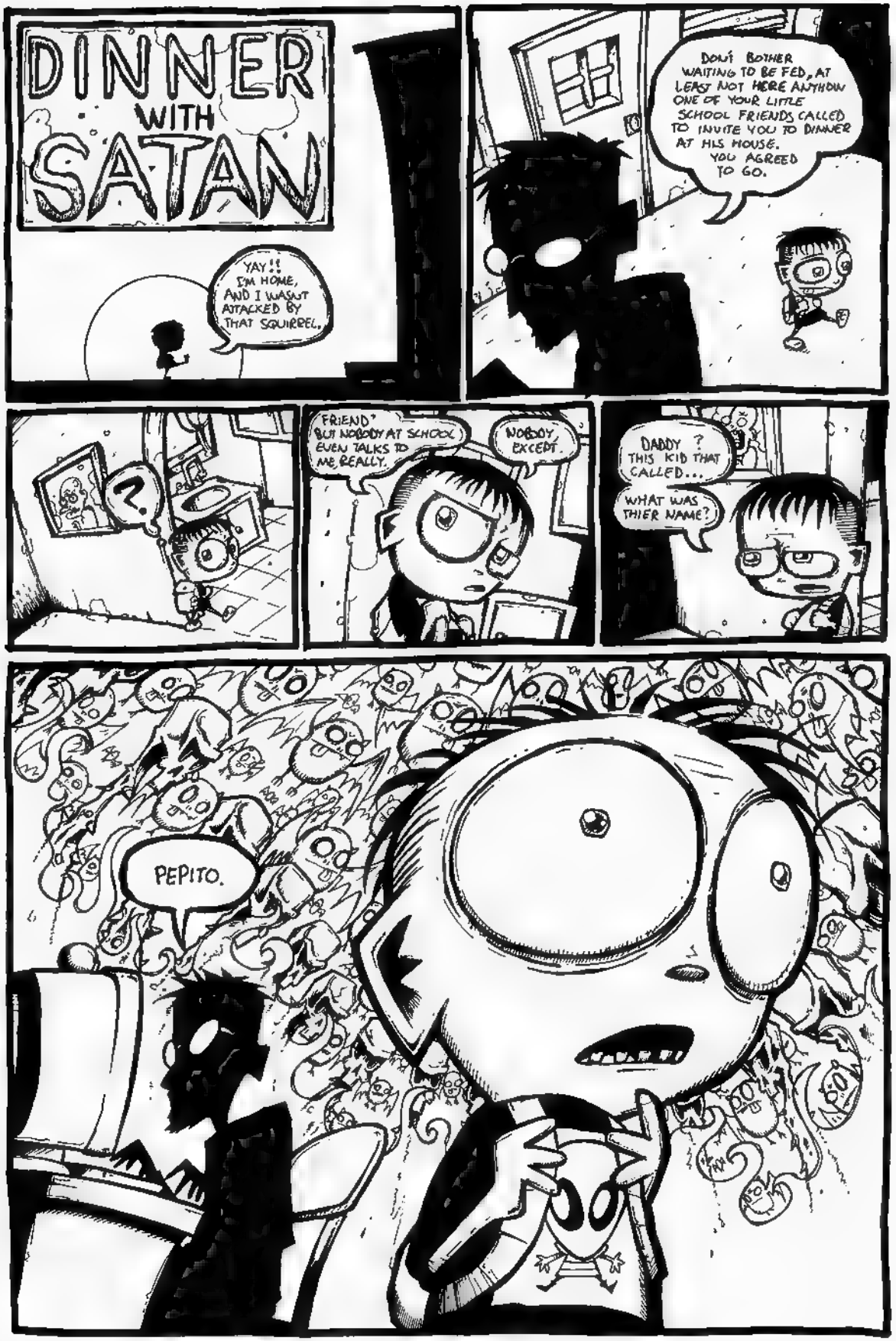
The silence goes on for another minute or so, and the audience is too stunned to think of escape. And then...

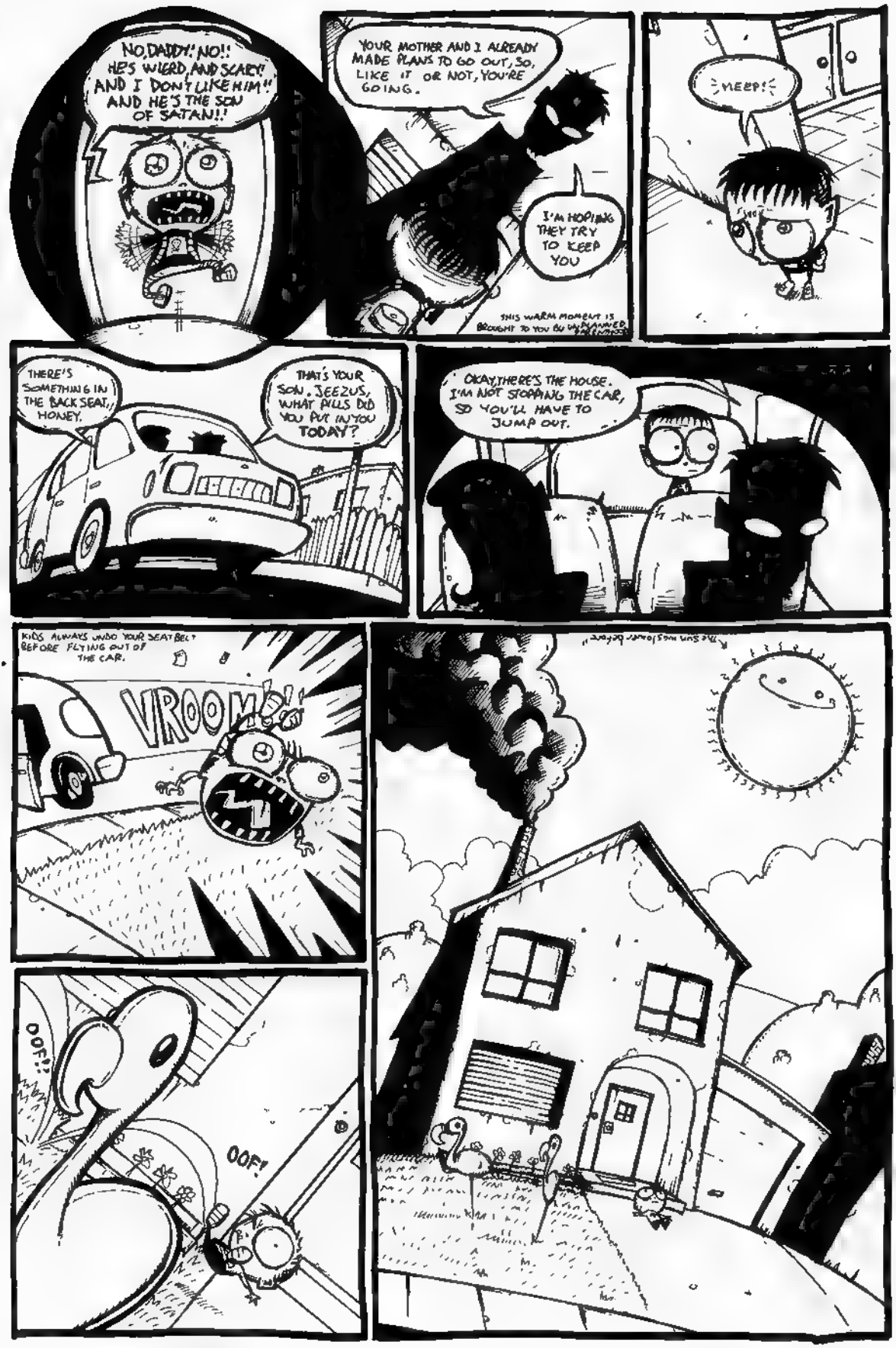


The doors unlock after two hours of this awful movie. Of course, it loses money as it is closed down only days after opening. Payed for out of my own pocket, the film renders me penniless.

Reading the reviews of the most unbearable film in recent history, I laugh maniacally. I really do. Then I pass out due to malnutrition.

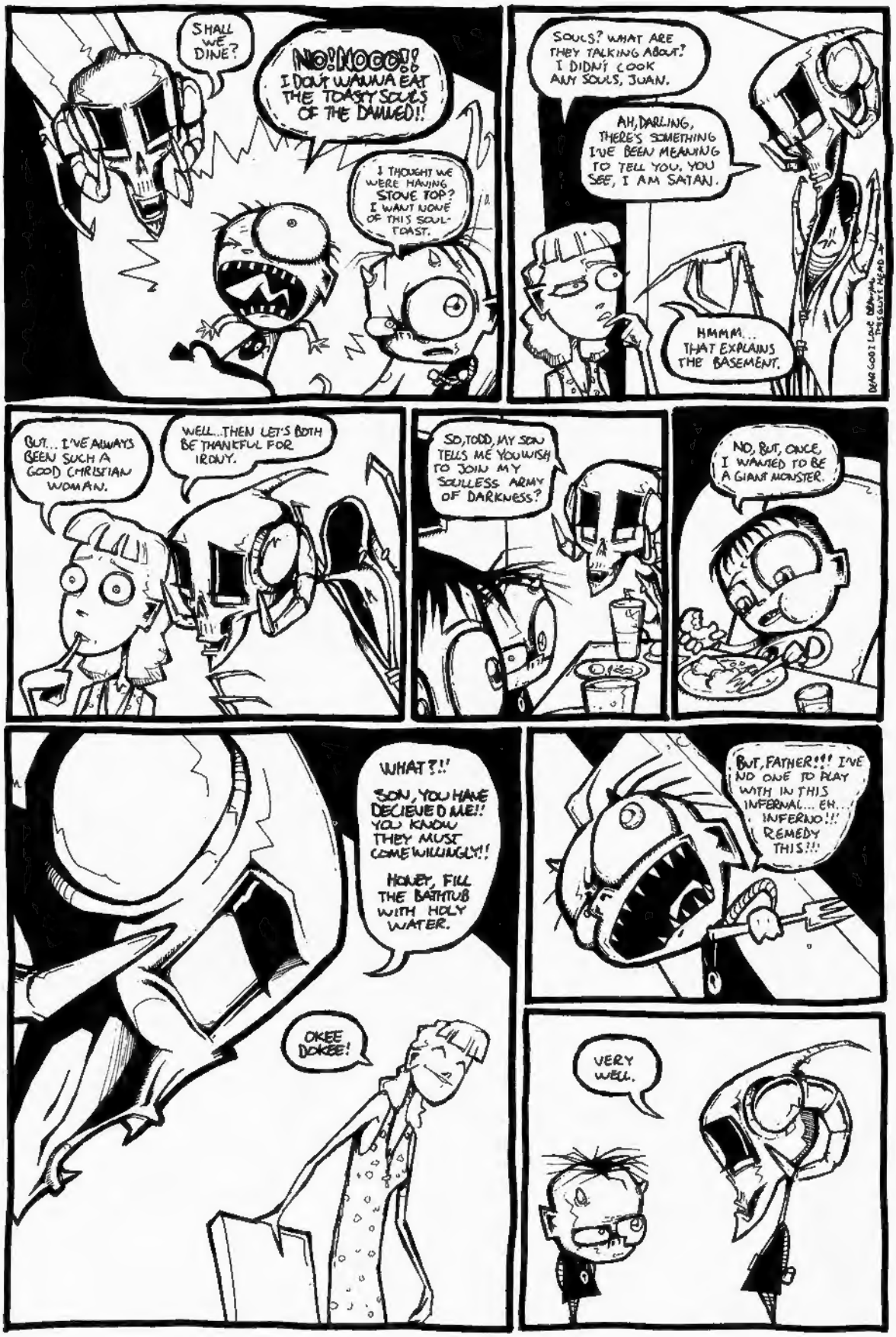
But I realize my efforts to sicken the populace were all for nothing, as the late night cinema circuit begins showing my movie every Saturday, drawing a cult audience who dresses up like idiots in support of my trash. I kill myself.


DINNER WITH SATAN
YAY!! I'M HOME, AND I WASN'T ATTACKED BY THAT SQUIRREL.
DON'T BOTHER WAITING TO BE FED, AT LEAST NOT HERE ANYHOW ONE OF YOUR LITTLE SCHOOL FRIENDS CALLED TO INVITE YOU TO DINNER AT HIS HOUSE. YOU AGREED TO GO.
?
FRIEND? BUT NOBODY AT SCHOOL EVEN TALKS TO ME REALLY.
NOBODY EXCEPT.
DADDY ? THIS KID THAT CALLED...
WHAT WAS THIER NAME?
PEPITO.


NO, DADDY! NO!! HE'S WEIRD AND SCARY! AND I DON'T LIKE HIM!! AND HE'S THE SON OF SATAN!!
YOUR MOTHER AND I ALREADY MADE PLANS TO GO OUT, SO, LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE GOING.
I'M HOPING THEY TRY TO KEEP YOU
THIS WARM MOMENT IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY UNMANNED AIR STRIKES
EEEP!
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE BACK SEAT, HONEY.
THAT'S YOUR SON. JEEZUS, WHAT PILLS DID YOU PUT IN YOU TODAY?
OKAY, THERE'S THE HOUSE. I'M NOT STOPPING THE CAR, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO JUMP OUT.
KIDS ALWAYS UNDO YOUR SEATBELT BEFORE FLYING OUT OF THE CAR.
VROOM!!
"The Sun Was Closer Before"
OOF!!
OOF!

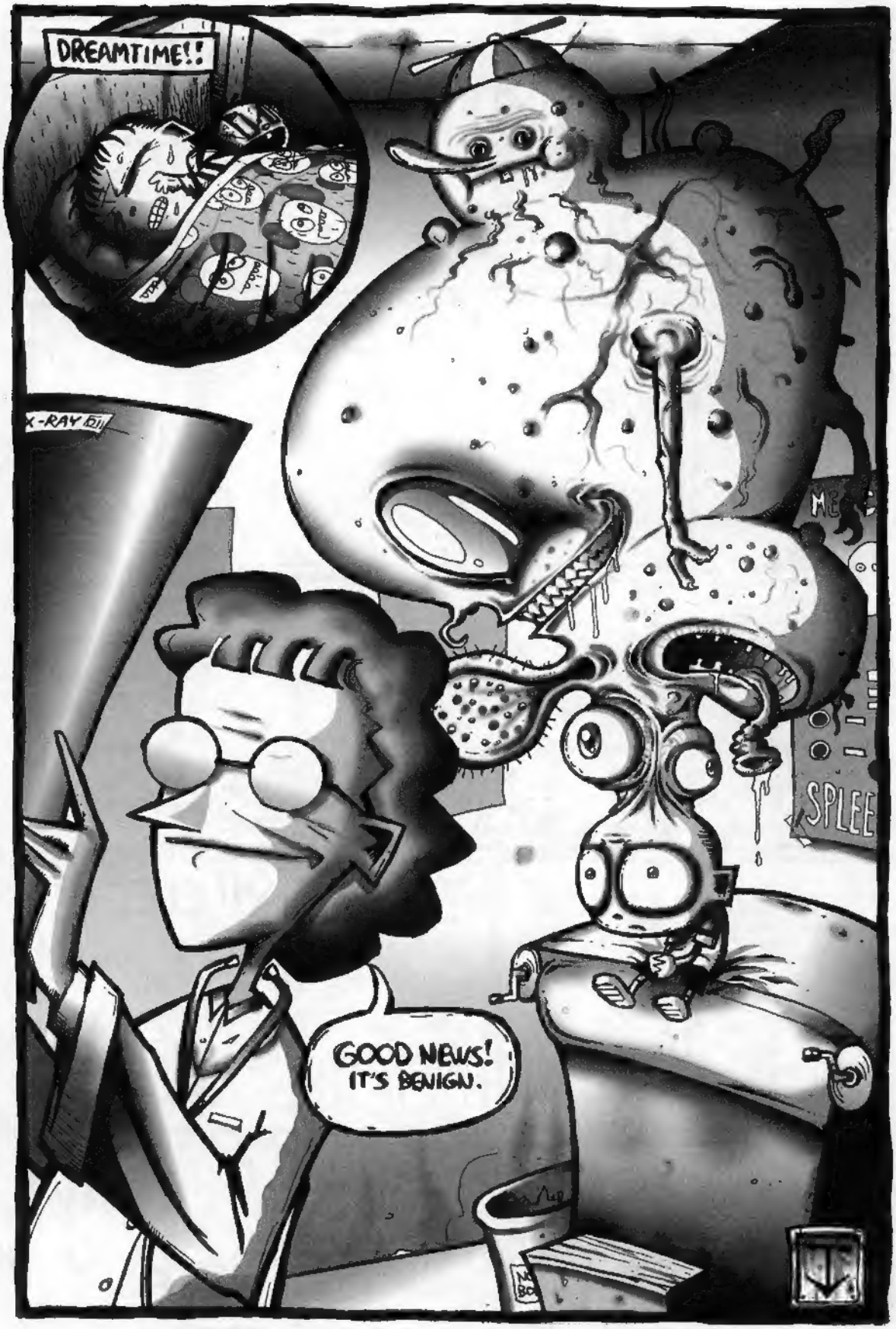
HI! YOU MUST BE TODD. COME ON IN!
PEPITO!! YOUR LITTLE FRIEND IS HERE!!
COMING MOTHER.
SUCH A POLITE BOY.
AH, TODD!! YOU'VE ARRIVED. WE'VE STILL A FEW MINUTES BEFORE DINNER IS READY.
LET US PLAY.
WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLOATING IN THE HOUSE, YOUNG MAN? I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU PICK THIS STUFF UP FROM.
UMM. OUTSIDE, I SAW A LOT OF SMOKE COMING FROM YOUR FIREPLACE
IT IS NOT THE FIREPLACE. IT'S FROM THE BASEMENT
COME, I WILL SHOW YOU.
SEE?
THAT SMOKE WAS FROM THE ROASTING SOULS OF THE DAMNED. FATHER LIKES TO TAKE HIS WORK HOME WITH HIM. UNFORTUNATELY, WE MOVE SO OFTEN, AND WE HAVE TO TAKE ALL OF THIS WITH US EVERY TIME
BOSCH REALM
AARGH!! IT'S HUMID!
FATHER ALWAYS MAKES ME HELP. I HATE IT.

HONEY!! I'M HOME!!
HELLO, FATHER.
HELLO, SON. WOULD YOU TAKE THIS SUITCASE TO THE BASEMENT FOR ME?
HI, MUFFIN! HOW WAS WORK?
OH, THE USUAL, THE USUAL.
MMM. SMELLS GOOD! LEMME JUST CHANGE BEFORE DINNER.
FOOM!
AHHH... THAT'S BETTER.
OH YOOOU!! HEE HEE.
AAAAAGH!!
AH, YOU MUST BE LITTLE TODD CASIL. MY SON HAS TOLD ME OF YOU.
HELD ME. GOD


SHALL WE DINE?
NO! NOOO!! I DON'T WANNA EAT THE TOASTY SOULS OF THE DAMNED!!
I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING STOVE TOP? I WANT NONE OF THIS SOUL-TOAST.
SOULS? WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT? I DIDN'T COOK ANY SOULS, JUAN.
AH, DARLING, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU, YOU SEE, I AM SATAN.
HMMM... THAT EXPLAINS THE BASEMENT.
BUT... I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A GOOD CHRISTIAN WOMAN.
WELL...THEN LET'S BOTH BE THANKFUL FOR IRONY.
SO, TODD, MY SON TELLS ME YOU WISH TO JOIN MY SOULLESS ARMY OF DARKNESS?
NO, BUT, ONCE, I WANTED TO BE A GIANT MONSTER.
WHAT?!! SON, YOU HAVE DECIEVED ME!! YOU KNOW THEY MUST COME WILLINGLY!! HONEY, FILL THE BATHTUB WITH HOLY WATER.
OKEE DOKEE!
BUT, FATHER!!! I'VE NO ONE TO PLAY WITH IN THIS INFERNAL... EH... INFERNO!!! REMEDY THIS!!!
VERY WELL.

THINK OF IT, LITTLE TODD! ALL OF THE POWER, THE INFLUENCE YOU COULD HAVE. I AM THERE FOR YOU, FAITH IN YOUR HEART OR NOT. IF THE WIDER PATH BE DAMNED, THEN SO BE IT!!! WE'VE GOT NACHOS WHERE THEY OFFER BREADSTICKS!! I'VE GOT ANSWERS FOR WHAT YOU LOSE SLEEP OVER!! NO MORE CONFUSION, FEAR, OR ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU QUESTION THE VALUE OF IT ALL! ALL THIS FOR ONLY A SMALL REGISTRATION FEE!!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, CHILD?!
JOIN NOW!
OPERATORS STANDING BY!
UMM... NO THANK YOU.
WELL... THAT'S THAT.
CHEW.
CHEW. MUNCH.
IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE! BYE-BYE!!
END

HAPPY NOODLE BOY
WHEN LAST WE SAW OUR HERO, HE WAS BEING INTERROGATED BY THE GROTESQUE POLICE INSPECTOR MCKRACKY. ACCUSED OF SOME KIND OF STUFF. HE DRANK SOME COFFEE AND BEGAN LINE DANCING
MY BALONEY DOES HAVE A FIRST NAME!! BUT IT DON'T TELL ME WHAT IT IS!! THAT FUCKIN' BALONEY!!! I HATE...ACK! BOINGBLOOP!!
HEY, MISHTER!! MISHTER, IS YOU GONNA GIVE US OUR BALL BACK OR WHAT? HUH? HUH!! DON'T MAKE ME KILL YOU, MISHTER!!
HOW CAN THIS BE!!? YOU... YOU'RE A MARSHMALLOW PEEP AREN'T YOU!!? IT'S NOT EASTER, YOU PEEP-FUCK!! FROZEN.... PEEP!! PEEP. PEEP. PEEP. POOP.
MISHTER.... I'S GONNA KILL YOU.
I'M ONLY TEN YEARS OLD, BUT I GOES A LOT OF HATE IN ME. I'S GONNA BEAT YOU LIKE MOMMA BEAT ME. I'S GONNA DRINK YOUR BLOOD AND POOP ON YOUR HEAD.
I AM SUPER DEFORMED!! GRR!! BOING!
GODDAM STINKNUT MUDDAFUCKUH!! ACWAYS YELLING AT EVERYBODY!! MAKE SOME FREAKIN' SENSE YOU STINKY POOH-NOSE!! SPOON! ARGH!! AARGH!!
HEY, WHATCHA DOIN? ME TOO! I'S BEATEN BAY SHIT OUT OF DIS NOODLE PUNK BAM! POO!
KILL HIM!! MORE BLOOD!! GET HIS GROIN!! MAKE HIM HURT!! DIE!! DIE!! SUCK HIS EYEBALLS OUT!! EAT HIS HEAD!! POKE HIS GUT!!! LET'S MAKE NACHOS!! BLAM
OH MY GOD!! OH NO!! OH NO!! WHY?? WHY, LORD, WHY!!? HUH? BEEP! BAM! BOOM!
IT'S THE CHILDREN!! THE CHILDREN ARE GANGING UP ON THAT NOODLE GUY AND ARE BRUTALLY BEATING HIM ALL BRUTALLY!! WOW!
LEAVE IT TO CHILDREN! WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT?
WHEEEE!!!
I BET YOU'VE WONDERED ABOUT HOW YOU COULD GET YOUR IDEAS USED IN AN ACTUAL HAPPY NOODLE BOY COMIC!! I REALLY BET THAT!! WELL... FOR THE LOVE OF MERCY, STOP!! STOP SUGGESTING THINGS "YOU THINK NOODLE BOY WOULD SAY"!!! DEAR GOD STOP!! IT'S NOT GONNA HAPPEN!! IN FACT, THAT WILL GUARANTEE IT DOESN'T GET USED!! THEY'RE HORRIBLE!! JUST LET NOODLE BOY BE HIMSELF!! PLEEEEE STOP!! STOP!! DON'T MAKE ME HATE YOU EVEN MORE!!!
HEY, KIDS!!


DREAMTIME!!
X-RAY
SPLEE
GOOD NEWS! IT'S BENIGN.